Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puc. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think that I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer come in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You do aduance your cunning more and more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you.
Deme. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what, my loue, ſhall I compare thine eine!
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhowe,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hel. O ſpight! ô hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment.
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not do me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me too?
If you were men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals, to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maides eyes,
With your deriſion, none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a virgine, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſan. You are vnkinde *Demetrius*; be not ſo.
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And heere with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Deme. *Lyſander*, keepe thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.

 My